

Late at Night

Buffalo Tom

i close my door at night
but they get in all right
and she turns on the light i held her hands so tight
'cause words don't come out right
and she sees things at night me, i'm closer to the door
i don't get scared no more
but i don't know the score if i could hold them in my hand
i'd make them understand
i'm not a haunted mind
i'm not a thoughtless kind
if i could put them in a jar
i know they wouldn't scar
i'd do it if i could
i hope you know i would i close my door at night
but she gets in all right
so i turn on the light i held her hand too tight
too hard to make it right
so i could sleep at night if i could hold them in my hand
i'd make them understand
i'm not a haunted mind
i'm not a thoughtless kind if i could put them in a jar
i know they wouldn't scar
i'd do it if i could
i hope you know i would
i'd do it if i could
i hope you know i would
i'd do it if i could
i hope you know i would
i'd do it if i could
i hope you know i would
i'd do it if i could
i hope you know i would
i'd do it if i could
i hope you know i would

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